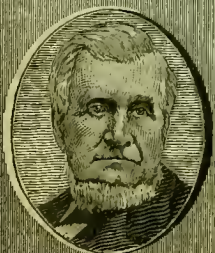


# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly  
Designed Expressly for the  
Education & Elevation  
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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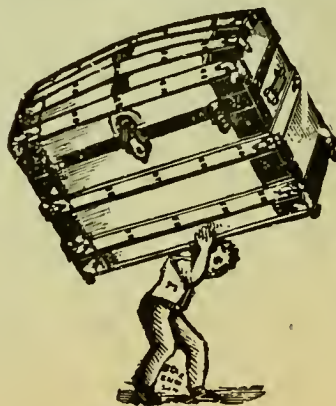
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.



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No. 2.

## THE INHABITANTS OF SIAM.

AMONG the uncivilized people of Asia the Siamese are deserving of some attention.

The empire of Siam is situated in the southeastern part of Asia, bordering China on the south.

but it is probably on the same plan that the Spartans had two rulers, one to hold the other in check. The Second King, although living in considerable grandeur has no particular share in governing the people unless he possesses peculiar executive ability. The personal character



IN THE KING'S PALACE, SIAM.

The country is governed by two kings, who are generally kinsmen, often brothers, and are designated as First King and Second King. Occasionally the Second Ruler succeeds the First, but not often. The reason for having the two monarchs is not entirely understood,

and habits of the kings have a marked effect upon the people. They are therefore usually careful to make themselves worthy of the regard of their subjects. They are very well educated, spending a number of years in seclusion, devoting their time to study. In this way they

often master foreign languages, and become very wise.

The emperor receives the greatest possible homage. Only his noblest retainers are allowed to enter his presence, and they must prostrate themselves before the royal person. Those of inferior rank to the courtiers are compelled to show the same submission to them as they show to the king, and so on among all ranks, each class receiving the obeisance of those below them.

The splendor of the king is wonderful. In his royal robes of the finest silk, and his massive gold crown upon his head he is a magnificent sight. The crown is shaped something like a hood, fitting down over his ears, and terminates in a long peak at the top. It weighs several pounds and is studded with all kinds of precious stones. It is only worn on state occasions, the head being uncovered the most of the time.

There are five ministers of state superintending, respectively, all foreign affairs, war, justice, agriculture, and the northern provinces. They, of course have their aids and councillors of whom there are altogether about thirty. There are also governors over the various provinces, whose authority is limited.

The laws of the country are ancient and incomplete, and are often very severe. Persons of high rank are sometimes beaten to death for crime, owing to the ordinance that the blood of nobles must not be shed. The spot on which a great crime is committed is cursed and heavily taxed. In the absence of the criminal, his family and often his neighbors also are taken in custody, and are held responsible for his appearance. A certain class of criminals are led through the streets and are forced to proclaim the nature of their crime aloud. One peculiar feature in their trials is

that the testimony of unmarried women, beggars, drunkards, persons of immoral character, and those who cannot read is not accepted.

In connection with the royal palace are the apartments of the king's women. There are about six or seven hundred of these females, who are all of the highest rank. They are entirely excluded from the society of the opposite sex, and their time is spent in acquiring native accomplishments, and in amusing themselves. Acting in pantomime is one of their favorite pastimes.

The Siamese are small and dark, but are superior to the Malays in appearance. The heads both of males and females are shaved, except a small tuft of hair left on the top of the head which is supposed to resemble a lotus flower. The customary dress is very scant and plain, usually consisting of only one piece, wound around the body in such a way as to protect it. This dress is common to both sexes, and even the royal robes are scarcely ever of more than two pieces.

The priests have control of the education, and the schools are almost always connected with the monasteries. Only the boys are permitted to attend the schools, the girls receive what little knowledge they obtain in the home. Many of the young men who are taught in the monasteries become priests and remain there all their lives.

There are many histories and native works of literature which are very interesting to students of languages, but upon which no great reliance can be placed. They do not claim a very ancient origin, as the Chinese do, still, like that people, their literature is made up to a great extent of legends, romances, and fairy tales.

Their religion is chiefly Buddhism in

a corrupted form. The people worship their ancestors and various gods, but the most sacred of all their deities is the white elephant. Even men who pay no respect to the king, prostrate themselves before this sacred quadruped.

When one of these animals is captured it is the occasion of the greatest rejoicing throughout the land, and it is immediately carried to the capital. The monarch and his train go out to meet it and accompany it to the palace which has been prepared for it. It is petted, pampered and worshiped by its foolish adorers, who would gladly lay down their lives to save it from the slightest harm. When it dies it is buried with fitting ceremonies, and the hair of its tail is preserved in a case of gold, adorned with precious stones. Queen Victoria has one of these curiosities which was presented to her by the First King, Somdetch Phra Mongkut as a "priceless proof of the estimation in which he held her."

Next to the white elephant, the white monkey is esteemed by the natives as a sacred being deserving of their worship. The people have a great many superstitious beliefs. Sacrifices are offered to their deities and spirits, and at such times much wine is drunk, the worshipers often becoming intoxicated.

The Siamese are very fond of amusements. They have theatres, public games and religious festivals. Their greatest holiday is New Year's Day, which is a general time of rejoicing. Another gala day is the festival of agriculture. The minister of this department, lays his hand upon the plow and is followed by the court ladies and gentlemen scattering seeds and chanting songs. Still another occasion for rejoicing is when the king's head is shaved. The event is proclaimed by the blast of

trumpets and other ways which the people have of demonstrating their joy.

The climate of Siam is warm. There are three seasons, hot, rainy and cold. Even in the coldest weather the temperature rarely falls below 70°. During the month of December, 1866, the coldest winter ever known in the country, the thermometer was brought down to 57°. The vegetation is luxuriant, the people have little trouble to secure food. The natural advantages of the country would permit of great industries being established, but the people are naturally indolent and unprogressive, and what little is manufactured and produced is mainly through the energy of the Chinese and Japanese residents. While very little is exported from the country, foreign articles such as cotton, silk, china, brass, tea, and opium are imported in great quantities.

Siamese architecture is similar to that of China, but far superior to it. The common dwellings are worthy of no particular notice; but the palaces and temples are often superior structures of many stories and finished with towers and pinnacles reaching far into the air. At the entrances of the temples and palaces are immense statues of brass, silver and gold, often fifty feet in height.

At the death of any member of the royal family or of the nobility gigantic funeral piles are erected, resembling the temples with their spires. These, however, are built of soft wood and paper, very lightly set together, and saturated with oil and other combustibles. The corpse is securely packed in a case of material upon which heat has no effect, and placed in the building which is then set on fire and is soon consumed. The ashes of the body are then carefully removed and preserved.

There are only 354 days in a year, according to the Siamese method of reckoning twelve months, made up of  $29\frac{1}{2}$  days each. Then once in about twenty years they add a few months. They have a strange custom of naming the years for different animals.

These people have quite an idea of the beautiful, but their art is peculiar and strictly national. Nearly all the people play on musical instruments and sing. They have no rules for their music; still it is not discordant, as one would suppose, but on the whole rather attractive. They pride themselves upon their musical ability.

Much attention has been directed toward this country on account of those peculiar beings known as the "Siamese twins." Similar cases have been known, but none so strikingly peculiar as this. They were joined together by a thick piece of flesh extending from the side of each. Through this bridge was a passage connecting the two abdominal cavities, and the blood freely circulated through it from both bodies. Except for this connection, their bodies were well formed and healthy. They lived to be sixty years of age, dying in the year 1874.

The Siamese have no great ambition, and very little energy, but they are kind, peaceable and friendly to foreigners. They have no burning desire to progress; still civilization is slowly, but surely, gaining a foothold in the empire, and it will, no doubt, eventually become a great and intelligent nation.

R. A. C.

---

NEVER meet trouble half way.  
 NEVER repeat old grievances.  
 NEVER shirk the hardest work.  
 NEVER despise the day of small things.

#### FROM FAR-OFF BAVARIA.

WITH all communications which have been presented in the columns of this worthy periodical for the perusal of its readers, I believe there have been very few if any from Germany in relation to the labors of the missionaries who have been sent here to make known the principles of the Gospel of Christ. Very few of our people realize what an immense labor there is yet to perform in this great nation. Notwithstanding the great length of time during which the Elders have been here promoting the cause of truth, it would seem that merely the initiatory steps had been taken to make the world acquainted with Mormonism, so numerous are those who as yet know nothing of true religion, but who must yet be warned of their error, before the consummation of God's work can take place. The circumstances connected with this work, if viewed from a worldly standpoint, would be in some respects sufficient to discourage us, but with a consciousness of working for a God who orders all for the best, we have every reason to be encouraged.

The Bavarians are a very excellent race of people, and being quite devotional in their own religion, would no doubt be very favorably inclined toward us if they could only have the opportunity of hearing the gospel explained. This would no doubt allay much of the prejudice which many of the people entertain towards us. Our efforts to dissipate these false views are attended as yet with little success, owing to the stringency of the laws which prevent our pursuing methods most favorable to our object. We hope, however, for better times and greater opportunities to teach the truth.

Our branch in Munich consists of

some forty members. Most of them are very assiduous in the performance of their duties.

There are many people here who after conceding that Mormonism is correct theoretically are unable to conform to the requirements of the same. For instance, one woman with whom I conversed told me that our religion was very nice, but it was impossible for her to abandon the old established tenets of her faith, for new ones. She asked, "Where is your absolution? you do not have any confessions in your Church as we do."

When I told her that we had no authority to change the doctrines of Christ she expressed her surprise at it, stating that she could not belong to a church, which did not believe in absolution. Then she reproached us with having the baptism by immersion, asserting that she had been baptized when she was a child, and required nothing further to insure her salvation. On being asked if she understood the object of baptism, she answered that she knew of no other reason for being baptized than to be received into the church. When I told her that a man must repent before being baptized, the ordinance then to be performed to blot out past sins, as well as for the object of being received into the church, referring her at the same time to the fact that the apostles, in early days taught in this manner, but she reiterated her disbelief, and said: "Well. I think our priest ought to know, and he does not teach us that."

She then said that she didn't have any respect anyway for anyone who would forsake the faith, which he or she had espoused to accept another. I asked her how she expected to follow the admonition of Paul, wherein

he says, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good," and whether she had any respect for the converts which were made in the primitive church, among whom were many of the disciples of Christ, even Christ Himself not having entered upon His great mission, until He had subjected Himself to the ordinances of the gospel. Well, she did not consider these ceremonies essential in this age. I told her before leaving, however, that the day would come when she would be compelled to answer a higher judge and that the commands of the Lord cannot be rejected without painful consequences being the result.

It is very gratifying to note that cases similar to the above are few and far between. Nevertheless when such occur they lend a sort of spiciness to the labors of a missionary. A little resistance of this kind often occasions a greater degree of animation on both sides, which is by far preferable to instances where an utter indifference is manifested for religion. Occasionally people are encountered who sit and listen for an hour or so without stirring, generally conceding at the conclusion that it is all right, with the invitation to make another visit accompanied probably with a demeanor indicating "Yes, come again when you can't stay so long."

The people are greatly deceived in various ways with regard to the life of the Savior and the apostles of earlier days. They are not allowed to read the scriptures only to a limited extent, they often having parts assigned or recommended to them, which as a rule, however, have no great importance. I have seen portrayals of Christ here in some of the picture galleries, where He is being baptized by John. He is represent-

ed as being sprinkled according to the method which is prevalent in the Christian world to day. Others of these productions of art display His resurrection as taking place with a banner in His hand bearing the Catholic emblem, and his resurrection as being effected by Catholic priests, who are in the act of lifting him from His tomb.

Such are examples of the manner in which the people are being deluded and deceived, although they are unconscious of it.

Many of the people humiliate themselves to a remarkable extent before the priests when they appear on the street. Some of the ministers carry a small bell with them, and as they pass along this is rung to warn the people of their approach, at which many of the people drop to their knees in sunshine or in rain, and make their sign of obeisance. When I witness demonstrations of this character it always calls to my mind the instance where the Savior warned the people at His time to, "Beware of the scribes and pharisees which love to go in long clothing and love salutations in the market places."

I saw a parade here of a religious nature which represented about as nearly the idolatry of olden days as anything very well could. Almost every person who participated had an image of the Savior or of the Virgin Mary, whom they idolize, and in going along the street, they utter their prayers to the Holy Mary, in concert in a monotone, holding the image in an elevated position as they did so. At the head of the procession was a larger image of this kind, and at a given time they all dropped on their knees and gave vent to their sing-song prayers, in a manner strikingly similar to idolatry, many of them hoping no doubt to be heard in their petitions to this dumb image.

The customs and manners of the people are as a rule very pleasing, and the greatest politeness characterizes all of their intercourse with one another, although the richer people command a greater respect and are treated with greater consideration, than those not so endowed. The wealthy are even exempted from many requirements of the law by virtue of their opulence, whereas, the poorer classes must suffer disadvantages on account of not having been so favored by dame fortune. This creates class distinction to a much greater extent than is to be found in America.

The people in these Catholic countries pay a great deal of attention to holiday-making and celebrating. The birth-days of many of the ancient Saints and the anniversaries of events of an ecclesiastical nature, they consider worthy of celebrating, and they attach great importance to these. There are some thirty-five or forty legal holidays during the whole year, there being seven in the month of April alone. On most of such occasions, the well-known beer of German fame flows very freely.

Christmas is celebrated with great eclat, the most prevalent of all the demonstrations being Christmas-tree celebrations which are held at various times during the entire month of December. I had occasion to attend one of a very select nature, a short time since and it was certainly well gotten up and calculated to furnish a great deal of pleasure to the participants. The evening's entertainment consisted of a program which was carried out in very interesting fashion. Two dramas of a rustic nature, and spoken in the quaint dialect characteristic of the people in certain parts of Bavaria, were given, representing peasant-life in its most interesting

forms, thus furnishing very rare entertainment. Among other features was music dispensed by a large band engaged for the occasion, which was interspersed with tableaux and other amusements. At the conclusion of the same the lottery took place which is one of the main features of every Christmas celebration. Turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, deer, pigs, baskets of fruit and cakes, constituted in main the objects of distribution. This was the climax to the evening's entertainment, and was participated in with great zest by almost every one present. It consists in the buying of numbers at a nominal price which if lucky draw one or more of the objects.

The people all seem to have a passion for lotteries. I have often seen the horny-handed sons of toil from the country sink their hard-earned coins in chances for the lotteries, although the possibilities of winning are very meagre, but whether they win or not, they seem just as eager to try their luck again when the opportunity presents itself.

The "October Fest," which takes place during October, of every year in Munich, is the cause of much jollity and pleasure among the people from far and near. This was instituted some sixty years ago by King Ludwig I. who, wishing to provide the populace at large with national and universal merriment and pleasure, considered this a good method of bringing the people together into closer intercommunion with one another.

This "Fest" consists chiefly in entertainments of varied nature, such as circuses, theatricals, menageries, and numerous other attractions which draw the people from other parts of Germany for this well-known occasion. The im-

mense breweries of Munich, as well as those of other parts are very well represented, and play by no means the least important role therein. During the festival which lasts some two or three weeks, millions of quarts of beer are sold daily on the grounds to the thirsty multitudes, who as a rule have a marvelous capacity for disposing of this, to most of them, indispensable beverage. During this time the peasantry from all parts, is very well represented and they bring with them their antique costumes, which are very unique and comical. Many of these dresses are also very costly, having been a sort of heir-loom in the family for many years, and they are prized very highly by their owners, who on occasions when worn, strut around in them as proud as peacocks, little thinking in their simplicity, that they are the cause of so much merriment among the observers.

In closing this somewhat superficial sketch of some of the characteristics of these people, I will say that aside from many of the religious views which are extant among them, they are a very amiable race, and very pleasant to associate with. I have no doubt that when the chains of bigotry, which are at present binding them, are broken, in order that they may be allowed to bring about the exercise of their free agency, and decide for themselves as to what steps they will take religiously, the Church which we represent and try to promote will gain a very strong foothold here. At present, viewed from a reasonable standpoint, the circumstances augur well for the more extensive and successful preaching of the gospel in this land at some future day when the Lord shall consider it fit to bring it about.

*Brigham T. Cannon.*

**SUGGESTIONS FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT.**

## III.

Whatever may be a young man's or a young woman's occupation, if it is in the mechanical line he or she should during leisure moments seek to acquire some ability in the artistic line. By cultivating a taste for art, one's nature becomes refined, he becomes more civilized, his capacity for intellectual enjoyment is broadened, and in truth he makes a better citizen in a community. There are some arts that are connected with certain trades and occupations, and a knowledge of them is a help to the tradesman in his labors, and for that reason if for no other they should be studied. For examples, a carpenter is better fitted for his occupation by knowing something about architecture and architectural drawing; a machinist makes himself more competent by being able to do mechanical designing and drawing; a printer or a painter also who has ability as a designer is more capable than one without such ability; the gardener who has artistic taste as well as a knowledge of how to care for and cultivate plants and shrubbery is superior to one who is not an artist. The same rule will apply to women's occupations; the dressmaker who has artistic taste combined with her capability to cut and fit and sew well is the most useful. In fact almost all occupations can be improved, elevated and made more genteel by combining art with them. Those who follow mechanical occupations by studying to combine art with their work find almost unlimited fields for the exercise of their genius, and their labors are no more looked upon as drudgery but become a pleasure, because they find in them opportunities to continually improve.

There are some pursuits in life that persons have to follow where art is of little use in assisting them with their labors. Where young persons are engaged in such pursuits they should have ambition and energy to learn something of art, science or mechanism during their spare moments, and thereby seek to fit themselves for some higher calling. They should not conclude that they are not gifted, if they have the inclination to learn and are not idle.

There are innumerable instances to be found where persons who have been compelled in their youth to follow some humble occupation, but who by being studious, have been enabled to better their condition later in life by learning something that required more intelligence, and which was more remunerative and agreeable; and there is no reason why others cannot do the same by making similar efforts.

One of the most pleasing of all arts, and one that is very useful, too, is that of music. It is also one of the most universal of arts, as there are very few who are not able to make satisfactory progress in its study. For these reasons the study of music might well be recommended to all who have any taste for it, and there are not many who do not love it. There are so many opportunities for learning music and for getting aid in the acquirement of its rudiments that anyone can study the art and make reasonable advancement by his own exertions and still continue at his occupation.

There are a number of studies of practical use that can be mastered from text books or manuals without the aid of any other teacher, if one will carefully follow out the suggestions given in the books of instruction. Among these

studies are book-keeping, drawing, phonography or shorthand writing, type-writing, etc.

Besides these there are studies that young men might take up at home during their spare moments that may not be of particularly practical value to help them in obtaining a livelihood, but which would be beneficial in giving to them a certain amount of mental culture. When books of all kinds are so easily obtainable there is no good reason why young men and women, no matter how lowly their daily occupations, are not fairly well read in some branch of science, of literature or of history. The pleasure such knowledge gives the possessor is sufficient encouragement and inducement for one to strive after it. By taking up any one of the following subjects, history, physiology, geology, botany, zoology, natural philosophy, and reading about it say half an hour each day, a young man or young woman would learn a great deal in the course of a year. The information gained would be of interest, and would furnish the student something profitable to think about while performing manual labor, or something to talk about instead of wasting time in conversation about trifling gossip that is of no use. The practice would create within one a taste for useful knowledge, and thus prove an unending source of mental pleasure and benefit. *E. F. P.*

DO WHAT YOU CAN.—We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act is acceptable to God.

### A TYPICAL CASE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

WHEN nature created California, she sent an army of stalwart sentinels to stand in majestic guard along her coast. Wearied with centuries of useless vigil, these sentries broke rank and scattered, some lifting high their heads to listen to the tales the clouds and zephyrs tell, others flinging themselves down to brood beside peaceful valleys and to hearken to the music of purling streams. Thus it is that the coast range straggles and is broken, and while it sometimes for miles presents a succession of untamed heights, it often divides and falls away, to give place to fertile valleys and the habitations of men.

Like giant stepping-stones the foothills rise from the valleys in splendid swells and terraces, a hundred, five hundred feet, in height. Shielded from harsh winds by the noble heights above them in whose rocky breasts the warmth of the sunshine is hoarded as in a mammoth storehouse, carpeted with native grasses which for eight months of the year are studded with flowers, fragrant shrubs and noble tree-growths gracing their slopes, crystal streams dashing past and from unseen sources, with matchless vistas of valley or shadowy glade revealed in every turn of their wooded canyons, the foothills of the mountains are a popular resort for neither the rich nor the pleasure seeker. They remain, for the most part, in the possession of a people whose eyes are dulled to their beauties through long and exclusive observation.

Here, almost within sight and hearing of our large cities, are isolated communities of men who dwell together in primitive simplicity, framing their own social codes, undisturbed by the

trivial events and senseless strife that agitate the world outside their door.

The Vernal Hills have gained some celebrity by reason of several remarkable cures of pulmonary disease that have been attributed to them, but this reputation is in a measure fictitious. It is probable that they own no climatic virtue not possessed in an equal degree by a thousand other elevated valleys, on the Atlantic Slope, in the Gulf States, or in portions of the Mississippi Valley.

It would be rank heresy to venture this opinion within the hearing of any of the inhabitants of Bonnie Glen, the chief settlement of the Vernal Hills. There is not a man, woman or child, within a radius of twenty miles, who is not ready to aver that nowhere on earth does the sun shine so brightly, the breeze blow so temperately, and grass grow so greenly, flowers bloom so luxuriantly, or nature and humanity dwell together in such perfect concord as in the Vernal Hills.

To the single passenger of the stage that bowled up the road leading to the Glen one afternoon in May, there was something downright offensive in this brilliancy of coloring, this wilderness of bloom.

Bridgeman, the driver, who had honored the stranger with a seat beside himself, vainly strove to arouse him from the apathy which seemed to envelop him. The driver was possessed with a burning curiosity to divine what object this tall, athletic fellow, who bore the unmistakeable stamp of the city man, could have in coming to these mountain wilds.

"Primest trout you ever see, half a mile up that gulch," casually remarked Bridgeman, snapping his whiplash upstream, where the water descended in mimic rapids over great moss-grown

boulders, as they swept across a rustic bridge that spanned a limpid stream overhung with wild vines and guarded by stately alders and mottled sycamores. "Got a lot of fancy flies and reels and new fangled tackle to coax them out, I reckon?"

"I don't fish," said Norwood indifferently.

"Looking for bigger game? There's wild cats and mountain lions a few miles further on, and grizzlies in the next range east."

Norwood made no response. The driver squinted curiously at him out of the corner of his eye, and lashed his horses to breakneck speed on a steep down-grade. They came out in a little mountain meadow, where sleek cattle browsed in grass knee-deep. Bridgeman tried another tack.

"Formation here's all topsy-turvy," he observed carelessly, pointing to the naked rocks on the mountain side, where pencilings of strata, upheaved and tossed by some plutonic force, met at every conceivable angle. "Some says it's upheaval, and some says it's moraine action. I'm for the glacial theory myself. I've seen drift piled up on the crest of the topmost ridges about here. You have to go back three ranges and a matter of sixty miles, before you come to any true igneous rock."

"I don't know that I have any particular interest in geology," replied Norwood idly.

The driver rashly swept around a curve and reined up his horses on the verge of a precipice, to exchange salutations with a rancher.

The thread of a canyon expanded into a narrow valley, and the valley expanded and crowded back the mountains. Beside the road some cows grazed in a field of alfalfa, green as emerald. Now

and then a chaparral fence enclosed a bit of orchard where peaches, green and furry, clustered thickly between lance-like leaves, and apricots, tinted with the gold of Hesperides and the crimson of sunset, hung in royal profusion.

Between the trees were glimpses of unpainted houses, and in the distance something like a village road broadened and flung a coat of dust over the wild rose bushes that lined the shaded lane along which they were driving. A platform, with a group of men, could be discerned down this perspective. The sight spurred Bridgeman to desperate effort. Should he arrive in the Glen ignorant of the occupation or intention of his solitary passenger, gone would be his reputation as a news-dispenser and raconteur, blemished his prowess for extracting the confidences of his fellow-men.

He met the exigency simply and frankly, after the manner of the mountaineer.

"What may be your object in coming to the Glen, sir, if I may make bold to ask?"

"To die," replied Norwood calmly.

The driver eyed the young man skeptically, noting his well-knit frame, clear eye, and healthy color. This glance of doubt and suspicion softened into something like kindly interest when the stranger, descending slowly from his elevated seat, clung to one of the trellised pillars of Frazer's porch for support, as a deep cough racked him.

The sound of this cough brought Mrs. Frazer to the door. She was a tall woman, spare and angular, built like an Indian runner, but she moved slowly and languidly, and drawled as she spoke.

"For all the world like my son Ephraim!" she remarked, nodding her head

in the direction of the young doctor, and addressing her observations to some pink hollyhocks in the dooryard. Turning to Norwood with a proper coyness, she added:

"What you need, Mister, is a plaster clapped onto your chest. That did Ephraim a power of good. All you've got to do is just say the word."

Norwood was spared the trouble of saying any word, encouraging or otherwise. Around the corner of the house dashed a thick set, short man, who always seemed to be puffing from the undue celerity of his movements.

"Now, Emmeline, don't you think he needs a warm supper," he kindly suggested. "It's a long road and a rough one, sir, and the air chills all of a sudden when the sun drops down. Sooner you get to bed the better for you to-night."

Then to the stage-driver:

"I was out to the stable when I heard you comin', Dave, and my azmy hampers me so I can't get around so spry as I used to. Heave her over here."

This last direction had reference to the heavy trunk the driver was unbuckling from the rear of the coach. Norwood, who had betaken himself to the sittingroom of the inn, looked listlessly on. Frazer gave a jolly whoop, pranced forward, and with one great flourish of his muscular arms, swung the big box to his shoulder. This performance extracted from Mrs. Frazer a withering assurance that "such doings were unbefitting a man of his age!" Then he heard the tramp of the men's heavy feet ascending to an upper room.

To Norwood this was the end of everything that made life worth living. Farewell to ambition, to hope, to happiness.

Down at the general store of the

settlement, whose proprietor combined the functions of drygoods merchant, grocer, tinsmith, hardware dealer, hatter and postmaster, the new arrival was frankly discussed that night.

"He's a queer customer, and no mistake," said Bridgeman, concluding his account of the trip and what sparing knowledge he possessed concerning his passenger, and winding up with the latter's strange admission, which the driver repeated with dramatic effect.

"Dave, he's only playing it on you," candidly remarked Simonton the postmaster, gossip and newsmonger of the settlement, who made it a point to know everybody's business, and who was not above a quiet joke himself. "He's no more a sick man than I am."

"Simonton, you're wrong. You can't always tell by their looks," seriously observed Staples, the blacksmith. "My youngest brother died of consumption, and he kept his flesh and his healthy color almost to the last. They sometimes keep up like that, then drop off, all of a sudden. I heard this young man cough tonight, and every time a man coughs like that, it's a nail in his coffin."

Staples was the nabob of the settlement, and a man of fair education. He lived in a nice cottage, surrounded by a charming little garden, and he had the prettiest wife, the handsomest colony of sturdy boys, and the finest horses and cattle in the Glen. Moreover, he was in possession of a tidy income, as a man might well be who had the shoeing of all the horses that passed over the stony mountain roads and trails. His opinion was received with respect.

A solemn hush followed. In crowded cities, where crape may hang on your next neighbor's door and you not know

it, and where the great mysteries of life and death are daily enacted around us, the finer sensibilities grow callous. But they were a tender-hearted set, these mountaineers. The little gathering broke up earlier than usual that night, and every man who had been present went to bed with a heart heavy with sorrow for the friendless young stranger who had come among them to die. Meanwhile Norwood, wearied and sleepless, tossed on his pillow and denounced the fate that had brought him there.

"I hope our young friend has experienced the benefits of religion," said Boggs the cobbler, solemnly, the next morning.

Next to Staples, Boggs held the most important position in the community. He patched and mended for the people during the week, and looked after their soles, with a different spelling, on the Sabbath, when he expounded the gospel, after his own peculiar interpretation, in the little schoolhouse, pounding the pulpit in good old orthodox style. Boggs was an earnest and conscientious man, and when this pious inquiry brought forth no reassuring answer, he resolved to waste no time in sounding the newcomer in regard to his "convictions."

Norwood went down to the post office the next day and made the unpleasant discovery that the entire community was in suspense lest he should have failed to pass a comfortable night. Many were the inquiries as to how he had slept, and how he liked the air of the elevated valley.

"It's so thin and dry that it's hard breathing at first," said Simonton, as he fumbled over the small pile of letters that lay in a pigeon-hole marked "N." "It ain't so filling, to be sure, as the air of a city lying at sea level, that's

loaded down with vapor and smoke, and has a lot of microbes of all sorts of earthly ailments floating round in it. But it's good and pure, sir, and you'll get the hang of breathing it after a while. You just want to open your mouth wide and take in a good chestful."

Norwood idly remarked that the people of the Glen looked hale and well, and that the Vernal Hills must be a healthy locality.

"You bet they are!" was the postmaster's pleased response. "You ought to have seen my wife when we came up here—all bent over and drawed up with sciaticky. Everybody thought she'd never be any earthly use again. But she turned round and picked up, and I'm blest if she can't do the biggest day's work of any woman in the Glen, and she past sixty!"

With this cheering vaunt of the climate's utility in the scheme of domestic life, the postmaster finished his examination of the letters, having achieved the dual feat of carrying on a conversation and of carefully noting the address and postmark on each as he laid it down.

"There's nothing for you, sir, except a bundle of magazines," he concluded. "Here's *Harper's*, and the *Atlantic*, and the *Century*, and the *Overland*, and two or three medical papers. Somebody you left up there doesn't mean for you to get out of reading very soon," and he handed out a bulky package.

It was good of Belknap to remember him in this way, Norwood reflected; more than he could have expected of the young physician, with his already large practice swelled by the addition of Saffron. He tucked the bundle under his arm and sallied out into the street, where he encountered Boggs, who with

an air of profound mystery invited him up the road to a secluded spot, where he put an anxious inquiry.

Stopping under the shade of a spreading oak, Boggs faced his companion.

"Are you a professor?" he asked, solemnly.

The old man wore his cobbler's apron, and, with his spectacles pushed up on his head and his wrinkled old forehead puckered into lines of distress, presented so striking an appearance that Norwood was impressed with the gravity of the query, although bewildered as to its import.

"Professor of what?" he asked.

"Professor of the one true religion. Have you cast yourself upon the grace of the Lord? Have you repented of your sins?"

Now Norwood had been brought up in a religious faith, deep and fervent in its convictions, but which never vaunts itself before men. While he doubtless had his faults of character and temperament, he had nevertheless been blameless in deed, and the belief was waxing strong within him that the world had treated him rather hardly. The cobbler's offensive solicitude for the welfare of his soul was provocation beyond endurance.

"I will repent of my sins against the world when the world repents of its sins against me. As for religious faith, I am a Mahometan," he replied, coldly; and he passed on, leaving the cobbler petrified with horror.

Looking across the valley, upon the pine-crowned summits that brooded over it, he was seized with a sudden fever to escape from the petty environments that hedged in his life and stifled him, to stand upon the heights and look out once more upon the outer world, with its broad horizon, its splendid vistas, its superb distances.

He made his way, on foot, up an old Indian trail. His eye was bright with determination, his step buoyant. Ever his desire increased as his steps advanced. The exhilaration of the mountains was on him.

As he reached the first bench of upland he seemed to feel the invigorating breath of the sea stealing over the summit. A delirium of physical ambition took possession of him. He gave himself no time to rest or to rally his feeble strength. He would not stop to cool his lips at the little mountain stream that seemed to mock and oppose him, in its mad race for the valley. Panting, exhausted, defiant, he pressed on.

A sudden sense of suffocation oppressed him. His throat was parching. He turned aside to quench his thirst, but the little brook was nowhere to be found, and everywhere were sun-scorched rocks. His wearied limbs refused to do his bidding. He looked despairingly about. The humble settlement he had left so far behind was strangely near. The pine-clad summits had retreated to an immeasurable distance.

Then earth and sky and the dizzy heights swam around him. The warm life-blood gushed in a stream from his lips. The chorus of birds twittering in a thicket close by swelled into a mighty anthem, then died away in silence.

A ranchman, coming down from the high mountains found him lying there, with sightless eyes upturned to the sky. He hastily dismounted, unslung his canteen, and dashed the contents in young Norwood's face. As the young man slowly revived and struggled to his feet, the ranchman with awkward kindness helped him to a seat on the saddle, where, clutching the pommel, and unsteadily swaying, the young fellow rode

down into the valley in ignominious defeat.

Norwood's reckless proclamation of heathenism, which very nearly stamped him as an outcast among the men of the settlement, at once made him an object of fascinating interest to the women. The fact that he was in spiritual darkness was alone sufficient to invest him with the greatest charm to their innocent minds; but when, in addition to this, there abided the circumstance, made manifest to all by this disaster, that a deadly and hopeless disease was hastening his progress to perdition, the feminine mind enshrined him as a dolorous hero, and a concentrated effort was made to arrest his physical downfall, with some vague after intention concerning his moral restoration.

Thus it happened that while he lay ill under Frazer's hospitable roof, the women of the village thronged thither to repay forgotten social scores to his landlady, and to make casual inquiries after the invalid, as well as to tempt his uncertain appetite with various delicacies of home manufacture.

When he was able to be about again, wherever he went, on main road or by-paths, he was waylaid by women who, with lugubrious air, pressed famous remedies upon him, citing the remarkable cures they had effected in divers ailments. Thus he daily ran the gauntlet of these would-be benefactors, ranging from Mrs. Frazer with her plasters, and the postmaster's wife with the lotion that had relieved her "sciatiky," down to plump little Mrs. Staples, who had heroically carried each of her six boys through violent attacks of croup by the application of onion draughts, and had come to regard these as the sovereign remedy for all physical ills. Between these ranged a wide variety of home-

brewed herbs and patent nostrums.

The young man felt the profound disfavor into which he fell with his fair sympathizers by his persistent rejection of these well-meant prescriptions. Whenever he coughed in Mrs. Frazer's presence, he looked up furtively to catch a look of sharp reproach, if she did not audibly murmur something about the benefits that Ephraim had reaped from the plasters. He once innocently asked where Ephraim dwelt, fully expecting to have him described as some prosperous farmer residing on a ranch in one of the valleys. Mrs. Frazer looked a stern rebuke.

"We buried him up at Marysville, twenty-two years come next December. He only lived five months after he was taken down," she said resentfully.

Now and then a visitor came to Frazer's, who looked about Bonnie Glen and idly roamed the hills for a day or two, then took a hurried departure. Like some helpless prisoner, vainly beating out his own life against unyielding bars, Norwood watched the homing flight of these birds of passage. Frazer, who in spite of his "azmy," undertook marvelous feats in handling the heavy baggage that usually accompanied these transients, assumed his customary decorous melancholy when reminded by his wife that such conduct was unbecoming a man of his years.

Norwood had never been inclined to many or close friendships, and in his exile he suffered the inevitable penalty of one who has led a reserved life. Now and then the monotony of existence was relieved by letters from distant relatives or old school-fellows, which seemed like echoes from the past. He had an impression, not cheering, that his brother physicians who had sat in judgment upon him in San Francisco were im-

patiently waiting for the fulfillment of their predictions, and that the professor of anatomy was greedily looking forward to the time when the skeleton he so admired should grace his class demonstrations; but the only man he heard directly from was Belknap, who sent brief, disjointed, jolly epistles once a fortnight.

Belknap told him that he had run a private telephone between Saffron's house and his own, and that he required that Nestor of invalids to minutely describe his symptoms before he would sally out to answer a night call. Belknap continued to keep the exile supplied with reading matter, with remarkable regularity and great modesty, never referring to the fact or acknowledging his thanks. When Norwood found certain sketches and magazine papers marked for his perusal, he was surprised at the good literary taste denoted by these selections, a quality he would never have attributed to Belknap.

In a postscript to one of his letters, Belknap added:

"The Wentworths will be off to Europe in a couple of weeks. I suppose you know."

Yes, he had known, for a year past, that this trip had been planned. There had been a time when he had entertained a wild hope of forming one of the party. Now he tried to follow them on their merry voyage and travels. In imagination he pictured Mary Wentworth as leading a gay life in foreign capitals, the belle of American colonies abroad, her noble face and sweet manners attracting the honest homage of men of the highest social station. She would end by marrying a title, no doubt. He only hoped that the man of her choice might be worthy of her.

For himself, as late spring sped and

summer lagged by, life grew more and more intolerable. The utter uselessness and aimlessness of existence was repugnant to him. Better to die, inch by inch, in the city streets, to drop in the gutter and be bundled into an ambulance and hurried off to a hospital, to lie at length in Potter's Field, forgotten and unknown, like a soldier who falls in battle and is hurried into a trench along with a host of gallant comrades, than to idle away his remnant of life in this wilderness, with Nature chanting his requiem as a mother soothes her babe to rest with a lullaby.

At times an impotent rage at his own helplessness possessed him. If only disease were some real, tangible foe, that he could engage in honest combat, rather than this unseen, insidious enemy stealing upon him like a thief in the night!

Hating himself and the conditions that encompassed him, he came to view the inhabitants of Bonnie Glen with morbid asperity. The postmaster's guileless curiosity he construed into offense. The blacksmith's frank sympathy resolved itself into rank impertinence. The cobbler's anxiety after his spiritual welfare irritated him. Even the mild solicitude of the women he construed into a ghoulish interest in the processes of dissolution.

His strength was steadily failing. Sometimes when he attempted to walk the short distance to the village store, there came an intolerable pressure on his chest and a choking sensation, as if someone were throttling him, and on such occasions a few drops of blood would gurggle into his throat. In these days he watched the progress of his disease with something akin to delight.

One day he strolled listlessly down the shaded path that led to a little grove

below Frazer's. Summer was ended, the fall began that day, and after fall would come winter with its fierce storms and constant damp and chill. It would take very little of that sort of weather to "do him up," he reflected with a whimsical satisfaction.

He sat down on the stump of a tree, carelessly plucking the lichens that robbed the rotting bark with gray and gold. A few minutes before, he had seen the stage come in, stop at the post office, and then with a flourish of whip lash and a shout from the driver, wheel up the road in the direction of Frazer's. By the smoke that curled upward from the chimneys of the hamlet, dreamily veiling the crimson glow of the sunset revealed through a gap in the westward hills, he knew that the good wives of Bonnie Glen were preparing their evening meals, while their husbands, the drudgery of the day over, loitered around the postoffice to get their weekly papers and to observe which of their neighbors were favored with a more extended correspondence.

Soon the night shades would be falling. Norwood charged his weak self of an invalid, with a physician's imperious insistence, that it was not good for a man in his condition to meet the sudden chill and damp of evening in these hills.

Still he loitered. At Frazer's there would be a strange face to meet, new answer to make to the unwarranted sympathy of a stranger. He had caught the flutter of a woman's veil through the window of the stage as it lumbered up the steep road, and he knew it belonged to the new school teacher, whose arrival, once a year, was the chief sensation of the Glen. He knew the type of woman who would aspire to train young ideas in this forsaken spot. She was a spinster, withered of aspect

and vinegary of speech. She would have some patent nostrum to prescribe for his cough; the women always had; or, like Mrs. Frazer, she would look bitter reproach at him when he declined to let her blister his chest.

He lingered on, watching the glow in the west fade to sombre purple. Regretfully he arose, buttoning his coat across his breast, and stopping to lift the stout staff that had become his constant companion.

Along the path from Frazer's a woman was swiftly coming; a woman young and beautiful; with a step light and free, and a dress whose warm, bright tints repeated the autumn glow. There was warmth and brightness in her face, in the sweet curve of the ruby lips, parting in a tender smile, in the flush of her cheeks, in the gentle brown eyes that held all light and mystery in their depths, in the sunny brown hair that escaped in wilful little tendrils about her face.

"Mary!" he said.

They stood for a moment, hand in hand, and the fading tints of the western sky flashed opal and gold, the sombre foliage took on new tints, a bird flitted through the boughs overhead and burst into exultant song.

There was a stir and rustle as of new life all along the parching hillside.

*Flora Haines Loughhead.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CAREFUL BOY.—One of Walter's front teeth was loose, and his mother cautioned him to be careful lest he lose it.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "it isn't half as loose as my fingers have always been, and I haven't lost one of them yet."

### THOSE DREADFUL DAYS.

IN THE month of August, 1861, I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, being then twelve years old. It was a time I shall never forget, for I knew that my sins were forgiven, and I had entered into the Church of God. I was happy and my heart was full of thanksgiving to my God.

Five years later I attended a Priesthood meeting with my father, who was at that time clerk of the conference, when my name was called, I having been selected to be ordained a deacon in the Church. I was appointed to labor in one of the districts. When meeting was brought to a close, the brethren came and congratulated me on my ordination. I thanked them all, but in my soul I felt quite downcast.

The next morning when I wakened a strange feeling came over me. I went to my work but when night came I was feeling worse instead of being better. I was not sick but attended to my work as usual. Still there was something that worried my soul that I could not describe.

I retired that night hoping that I would feel better the next day, but there came no relief. My appetite began to fail me, yet I did not feel sick. During the afternoon of that day I thought perhaps I had done something against my parents, and this was the cause of the dreadful feeling which was working upon me.

The next night I went to my father who was reading the newspaper and said, "Father, if I have done you any wrong, will you forgive me?"

Father laid his paper to one side, looked at me and said, "Yes, my son, I will."

I did not tell him how miserable I was,

as I thought the feeling would leave me when I had my parents' forgiveness.

I then turned to my mother with tears in my eyes and said, "Mother, if I have done you wrong in the past will you forgive me?"

Looking at me, she said, "Yes. I will forgive you," but the look she gave me was enough to tell me that she was wondering why I came and asked her forgiveness.

I now expected to feel better, but when I awoke the next morning that disagreeable feeling was there yet and even worse.

During that day a hope sprung up within me whereby I might be released from my torment. The thought came to me that it is God against whom I sinned and of Him I should ask forgiveness. Well what could my sins be, I was young when I came into the Church of Christ—well this was all right—but I had been ordained to the holy Priesthood of God—a deacon in the kingdom of God—God's Priesthood. I felt that I had not lived to be worthy to become a deacon, and I needed help to overcome my weaknesses. At nine o'clock in the evening I left my parents' home and I went to a place where there was a lot of trees, and where I knew I would be undisturbed.

Here I bowed my knees and in humble supplication poured out my soul before my Father in heaven. I asked that He would forgive my sins, so that I might have peace in my soul. When I arose to my feet, that terrible feeling had gone from me, and I experienced peace and joy in my soul. Not only that, but a great testimony was for the first time given to me that God had begun His work upon the earth; that Joseph Smith was indeed a true Prophet and that I was a member of the Church

of Christ and had received a portion of the holy Priesthood in the office of a Deacon. I also felt that I was forgiven by my heavenly Father.

O! what joy and happiness I felt in the testimony I had received. I felt humbled before my God, and He had forgiven me—the terrors of hell were removed from me. Returning home, I retired for the night, and my sleep was sweet. When I awoke in the morning I was like unto a new man.

Now, to you my young brethren, who have been called and ordained deacons in the Church of God: Do you realize the importance of the office of a deacon? Have you ever studied its duties for yourself?

In the revelations of God to the Prophet Joseph Smith, He says teachers and deacons are to be standing ministers of the Church; and from the Doctrine and Covenants we learn that the lesser Priesthood holds the keys of the ministering of angels and the preparatory gospel. Again we are told they are to warn, expound, exhort, teach and invite all to come unto Christ.

What a grand and holy calling! Should we then not learn to be wise in all our doings that when you have your fun and amusements you always remember you hold the Priesthood, and as such you must honor and respect it, and when you are called to labor as a deacon that you magnify your calling in holiness before the Lord?

My young readers, take this suggestion from your humble brother, that you may not some day be placed in the same position I occupied. Look to yourself and see that you honor the Priesthood, for if you do not, the day will surely come that you will have to give an account before God for the wrong use of His Priesthood.

*H. F. F. Thorup.*

THE  
**Juvenile Instructor**

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE WORST NOT TOLD.

**E**PICTETUS says: "Should a man report to you that any person speaks ill of you, do not make any defense (answer) to what has been told you, but reply, the man does not know the rest of my faults or he would not have mentioned this alone."

An illustration of this principle was exhibited a few days ago by a gentleman of some prominence in the territory, but whose character had been assailed without mercy, and efforts had been made to entirely blast his reputation. A friend spoke to him of the accusations which were publicly made against him, the object being to ascertain if the accused was willing to meet these charges. He replied with great emphasis and evident sincerity: "I will be most happy, in fact I desire to meet those who accuse me, because in any investigation which occurs I am sure to be the gainer. God knows my sins are abundant and grievous, yet I am thankful to say that I fear no investigation. There are many things which I have done which might have been told against me with truth, and would have done me far more injury, but these falsehoods I am ready and willing at all times to meet. I am glad my accusers do not tell all the truth which might be said of me."

All our readers will know that a slander increases in blackness with its circulation, and accusations against a

man, whether they are told truthfully or not, are sure to grow as they pass from lip to lip, for there seems to be something in human nature that delights in picturing the darkest side of a man's character, especially if the accused is in the least in disfavor.

We have always admired the philosophic reply of a brother in the Church who was severely, though doubtless properly, reprimanded by President Young from the stand while speaking at one time in the School of the Prophets. The man accepted the rebuke of the President without flinching. After the services closed and the brethren were passing from the building, one of them was near the person who had been assailed, and made the remark, "How did you like your whipping? You got some pretty hot stuff today."

"O, I feel all right," said the man, "and am very thankful that President Young did not tell all that he could have told about my weaknesses, for the Lord knows that I am far more sinful than ever President Young pictured me."

There are times, however, when it is proper for men to deny untruthful charges which are made against them, especially for the sake of future generations. We recall a falsehood which has been circulated for many years concerning one of the twelve apostles. There was nothing in the report which injured the credit of the apostle in our mind, though there were some unpleasant features connected with the narrative as it was impressed upon our mind. Never until a few days ago was the fact made known that the story was untrue in every particular.

The apostle had never taken the pains to contradict the lie and hence it passed current among some of his most intimate acquaintances and dearest friends. It

was only his chance denial of the statement that cleared up the impression which had grown in many minds during several years.

Undoubtedly the time will come when the refuge of lies will be swept away, and yet under some circumstances it is wise and proper for men to denounce falsehoods concerning themselves and others for the sake of their reputation and that of their kindred and friends.

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AUTHORITY TO REBUKE DISEASE.

One of the brethren has written to us concerning a statement made in the November number of volume XXX of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, on page 662. The question is asked, "Has a deacon authority to rebuke disease?" and the answer given is, "Yes, if he is administering to the sick." Our friend says he has some question in his mind concerning the correctness of this answer, and as he is a superintendent of a Sunday school, he is desirous to be informed upon this point.

Members of the Church have a right to lay hands on the sick and pray for them. Even sisters can do this, and there is no impropriety in it, though it would be better if one holding the Priesthood could be obtained to attend to this ordinance. It is frequently the case that mothers find it necessary to administer to their sick children, at times when no one is at hand who bears the Priesthood whom they can secure to administer the ordinance of laying on of hands for the restoration of the sick. There have been repeated instances of such administration by mothers being attended with healing effects. This, we suppose, no one of experience in the Church will question.

But this is not the point at issue in the mind of our correspondent. It is, Has a deacon the authority to rebuke disease when he is administering to the sick? In the article to which he refers the writer states that a deacon has that right.

We say that it depends upon the manner in which he administers whether he has the authority to rebuke or not. If he were to claim that he had the authority of the holy Priesthood (the Melchisedek Priesthood), we would say that he has no such authority. But suppose that he rebuked the disease in the name of Jesus, has he not that authority? and would he be overstepping the bounds of propriety in rebuking disease in the name of Jesus? Or would any member of the Church be overstepping the bounds of propriety in rebuking disease in the name of Jesus? We think not,—if he or she confined the rebuke to the name of Jesus, without using any words that would convey the idea that it was done in the authority of the Priesthood. To attempt to exercise the authority of Priesthood which they do not possess would undoubtedly be wrong. Of course, a man being a deacon does not, because of that, have the authority to rebuke disease in the authority of the Priesthood.

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HIS RESOLVE.—A wise little boy whose Sunday-school teacher distributed slips of paper to her scholars and asked each to write thereon a New Year's resolution, decided to make a resolve which he would be able to keep, and to secure the prize offered to the boy who, at the beginning of another year, should have come the nearest to keeping it. He wrote: "REESOLVE. That i wil tri too bee a yeer older by nex noo yeers."

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

### A NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE.

I SHALL always remember my seventeenth birthday above all the days of my life.

It was New Year's, too, and I spent it with my cousin Jack Spencer, at my father's old home, among the hills of Maine.

The low-eaved house close beside the broad Aroostock River and a few settlements dotted the landscape upon the east and south, and dense unbroken forests stretched westward along the river to its source among the hills, while high, wooded slopes formed the northern boundary.

Grandfather and grandmother still lived in the old home then, although the farm belonged to Uncle John, Jack's father.

Cousin Tom, older than Jack by two years, was away at school, but Nell and Bess were almost as good as boys—indeed, they were better than many fellows at boating, fishing, skating or coasting, and could ride a bare back colt like the wind.

They were just as good in their studies as in their sports, so I was in no danger of being lonely, although grandfather would sometimes say:—"I'm afraid that you'll get sick of us, Frank, long before your vacation is over, but it does my old eyes good just to look at you, my boy. You are the image of what your father was, and you bring the old days back—bless him!"

Then grandfather would look at me in a loving enquiring way, while I protested that I could live with them always, and never think of being homesick.

The week after Christmas was very warm for the season, and the day but one before New Year's began with a

heavy rain, which flooded the ice on the river, carried off the most of the snow, and upset our plans generally.

"It will be a queer New Year without a sleigh ride, won't it?" grumbled Jack, as he stood by the window, drumming upon the frame while watching the drifting clouds.

"If I was a boy, I'd like a skating frolic best," laughed grandfather, pointing significantly towards the flooded ice.

"Who can skate through six inches of water?" asked discontented Jack.

"There'll be ice before morning—it don't take long to make it here, especially in January. One more cold night will make the river perfectly safe, and we are sure of that. Besides the fine skating I've no doubt but there are plenty of trout at the brook, and——"

"Oh, father! Can we?"

"Uncle John, do you think that we can?"

"Can we go, too, father?"

"Say yes, do, before the boys can say no."

Nell and Bess, Jack and I all interrupted him with this excited chorus.

"Oh, my ears! One at a time, please," laughed Uncle John. "Yes, I think that you can go—and the girls too."

The cold steadily increased. Jack jumped up half a dozen times that night to see if it was still growing colder, and crept back into the warm bed quickly enough to announce that all was fine, in shivering triumph.

The next morning the rising sun shone upon an icy landscape, tinting the world with a maze of rainbow lights. Icicles hung from the branches, from the fence rails, from the low eaves of the old house and barn everything was located with the clearest crystal.

"I never saw anything so pretty," cried Bess, enthusiastically. "It is like fairyland."

"Like frostland, you mean," answered matter-of-fact Nell. "This would be rather cold weather for thinly-clad fabrics."

Jack and I, thinking of more substantial things dashed out to judge the weather.

Didn't the keen, sharp air nip our ears and noses? Sharp frost reports all around told that the cold was increasing.

That night we shivered under the warm blankets, upon which our breath made ice before morning.

"I guess the whole six inches of water is solid ice," I managed to say, while dressing as quickly as I could, my teeth chattering until they fairly ached.

"Yes. I see no reason why you cannot go. You can surely skate fast enough to keep warm. Take an ax and some matches to build a fire," said Uncle John.

"And here is a lunch," smiled Aunt Mary.

"As if we wanted that!" cried Jack, scornfully. "We shall eat toasted fish for dinner, of course," but a peep at the dainties in the basket made him decide to take it, and we started—he with the basket, and I with the ax, as we skated along a little ahead of the girls.

It was only five miles to the brook, and we were not long in reaching it.

The river banks were lined with low-limbed spruces, and pendant icicles hung from each tiny twig, flashing back the sun's rays in dazzling rainbow hues; the river itself was as smooth as glass, and we seemed to be dashing through a weird, brilliant fairyland.

It required some time to cut through

both ices, but it was done at last, and we dropped our lines through the holes, carefully securing them to spring poles set in the upper ice, so that we could watch them as we skated about.

"I've got the first trout!" cried Bess, pulling up the line, and triumphantly showing a finely speckled one, that would weigh half a pound at the least.

Nell soon followed with one a trifle larger, Jack landed a monster not three inches long, and I drew out a fish that would tip the scale at a plump pound and a half!

So the fun went on for more than two hours, when Jack declared that we had enough, and that it was a sin to catch more than we could eat and carry home.

The girls prepared some of the smallest ones to toast on sharpened sticks, while Jack built a roaring fire near the shore, but I couldn't give up my line just then—I had had several sharp bites, and felt sure that a larger trout than any which we had caught, was playing around my hook.

While watching my line I cut four crotched sticks to string our fish on, and had just got them fixed when I saw a tremendous jerk at my spring pole.

At that instant the woods upon the right echoed a terrific screech.

"Some one is lost in the woods," cried Bess, and, putting both hands to her mouth she sent an answering shout.

"Stop! Stop!" groaned Jack, with white face and dilating eyes. "You've done it now, Bess! Get ready to go home faster than you ever skated before. Never mind anything! That is no person—I heard that screech once before and it is an—there it is again! Come on—hurry!"

Jack was hurriedly examining every strap of the girls' skates as he spoke.

and again the yell sounded much nearer than before.

"Don't leave the trout!" cried Nell.

"Oh, what *is* it, Jack?" panted Bess.

Jack hastily fastened two strings of fish to his belt, while I did the same with the others, then he said, huskily:—

"Clasp hands and hold hard, girls. Frank, take Nell's—give me yours, Bess. Now skate for your lives—it is an Indian devil!"

We needed no more. We dashed ahead in a straight line, for we were skating for our lives!

"Four miles and half of solid woods!" panted Jack, as his eyes met mine, but no one answered.

Our skates rang out sharply in perfect time.

What if a buckle should break?—none of us cared to think of that.

We entered the channel, a place where the river was narrow and straight, with steep, high banks on either hand.

I looked back as we reached the bend, to catch a glimpse of a tawny form at the head of the channel.

That awful yell sounded again and again, each time nearer than before, and soon we could hear the sound of bounding feet!

"Strike straight for the right bank—it's our only chance!" cried Jack, in a strained, hard voice.

"It'll make it a mile further, can we do it?" wailed Bess.

"Yes, we can, and we shall, for they are waiting for us at home, and we must!" answered little Nell; and her words nerved us all with desperate courage.

As we shot toward the right bank obliquely, the big, yellow brute snapped at my heels as he slid by me, his tensile claws failing to check his headlong career.

He went on for several feet, while we darted away safely, and he looked so foolish and amazed, that I couldn't help laughing, while Jack gave a hearty cheer—both of us forgetting, for a second, our extreme peril.

"To the left now!" shouted Jack, as the panther came close again, and so, doubling from bank to bank, we made nearly three miles of the last one before we shot into the clearing and sighted home, but it was our only chance of safety.

Once, as he snapped at my heels, he caught a string of fish from my belt, but that wasn't what he wanted, and he didn't stop long.

Uncle John stood by the river bank, his rifle on a level with his eyes.

"Come on—straight for me, now, youngsters," he called coolly, while grandfather came hurrying from the house with his old revolutionary musket in his hands.

We needed no second invitation, but doubled quickly to the left.

"Another string of trout gone," said Jack, grimly, as the panther nearly got him.

The old brute did not seem to see the clearing nor the peril which menaced him—he saw us!

On he came, his great, yellow eyes gleaming with anger and hunger; his ears close to his round, catlike head; and his lips drawn from his white, glistening teeth.

Two reports rang out at once. He gave a tremendous leap into the air, clawed about convulsively as he fell, then lay quite still, while the ice crimsoned around him.

"It's an old male—a regular old settler—that is why he was so bold," said grandfather, as they looked him over.

"Your bullet fixed him, father. Hit him fair between the eyes, while mine

only broke his paw," laughed Uncle John, pointing out both wounds.

But we did not care whose bullet killed him, nor did we care to be near him, even when dead.

Nell and Bess were sobbing wildly; and our eyes were strangely dim, as we staggered up the bank, and into the house, where Aunt Mary and grandmother kissed and petted and cried over us to our hearts' content.

"I guess we've saved enough for supper," laughed Jack, nervously, placing the string which he had saved upon the pine table, and I laid mine beside it."

"Bless your hearts!" cried grandmother, catching us both in one convulsive squeeze. "Bless your dear hearts—to think that you thought of saving these?"

"But we left your lunch basket—that new one," said Nell, regretfully.

"And the ax," added Bess.

"While I didn't catch the biggest trout you ever saw." I concluded.

"And the panther didn't catch you! So long as we have you all safe we don't care for the rest," protested Aunt Mary, kissing us all around again, with tears running down her cheeks.

That was years ago, but I have that panther's skin upon a sofa in my own library and I never see a brilliant landscape without a shudder, as I remember how near my seventeenth birthday came to being my last.

*F. B. Howland.*

ANOTHER KIND OF CURRENT.—"I wish I was a little fish," said Jack. "Papa says the ocean is full of currents, an' I like currants better than any kind of fruit 'cept bananas, apples, oranges, and sweet-potatoes."

### CUMORAH.

WELCOME, baby from the pure-land,  
Where the angels dwell in love;  
Welcome, darling, Love's own sure hand  
Led thee from the courts above.

We'come, baby-blossom, rarest,  
Come to bloom a sun-kissed flower;  
Welcome, fairest, still thou wearest  
Crown of innocence—thy dower.

Welcome, baby—Love's fires' fuel,  
Shooting arrows—Cupid's darts;  
Welcome, dearie, sparkling jewel,  
We will cherish in our hearts.

Welcome, baby, fadeless treasure,  
We are misers boarding love;  
Welcome, precious! who can measure  
Our affection for our dove?

Welcome, baby, sunshine, golden,  
Of the morning-gilding skies;  
Welcome, sweetheart, in the olden  
Times we saw thy love-lit eyes.

Welcome, baby, sweet aurora,  
Light from heaven shining clear;  
Welcome, sweetest, our Cumorah,  
Light celestial come to cheer.

*Lewis Stewart.*

### A PRAYER.

SHAKE from my soul this dark distress,  
Force from my mind this bitterness;  
Bring me to light, bring me to joy,  
Fill portals of my heart with love;  
Take from my life things that annoy,  
Lead me to see the light above.

Help me the tempter, Lord, to check,  
Teach me with truth my brow bedeck,  
Show me the path wherein lies peace,  
That all thy gifts may be enjoyed;  
Let all my hate and anger cease,  
Let health and peace be unalloyed.

Lead and guide me to hope and right,  
Let what I give prove not a blight,  
Bless me and comfort me in pain,  
Let every act prove faith in Thee,  
My heart not foster love of gain,  
Lord, from all wrong, help me to flee.

*L. A.*

## EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.]

The darkness having overtaken me at the latter part of my day's travel, it made matters still worse for me, and when I reached the city, nearly everybody was in bed, and I had some difficulty in finding any one to direct me to the Saints. In this I only succeeded by the assistance of some late night prowlers from the whisky-shops. If the usual fog had rested over the fjord, it would have been next to impossible for me to have found my way across the ice. Late as it was, when I arrived, the family of Brother Canute Larsen quickly provided me with dry clothes and a warm supper, after which I soon forgot my adventures and fatigues of the day in restful slumber.

I remained in Brevig for several days, according to instructions received from President Petersen, and held meetings with the Saints on Sunday, visiting also some scattered members of the branch, and attended to other matters connected with church-government. On the 16th of April, I again took up my line of march towards my field of labor.

I had now discarded my sleigh conveyance, and instead obtained a knapsack in which I carried my most indispensable articles of clothing, but the roads were now in the very worst condition, yet navigation had not been re opened on account of the ice in the fjords. I was therefore almost exhausted after about twenty miles of walking that day, and put up at a public house.

The following day I reached a Brother N. Torbjornsen, who was the sheriff of the county in which he lived, but as his family was much opposed to Mormonism, I remained with him only a few hours, but this visit was of great benefit to me; for the good old man gave me

ten dollars to help me along on my journey in a more comfortable manner. I therefore hired a conveyance to take me the next ten miles, and traveled on foot some eight or ten miles more that day and put up at an inn.

On the following day, I reached the city of Risoer, where there then was a flourishing branch of the Church, but where I found few brethren at home, as their occupation was on the sea. I was, however, given a most hearty welcome from the Saints who were at home. I had then traveled about one hundred and seventy miles from Christiania, but was yet a long way from my field in Mandal.

On the 10th of May, the first steamer arrived, and I took passage on it. I had, for economical reasons taken deck-passage, and a cold rain and rather heavy sea made the voyage along the coast very uncomfortable, although it was a great improvement on my late mode of traveling by land. I reached the city of Christiansand the same evening. Brother Lars Petersen was here. He was to be my companion in the new field, but had never had any experience in missionary work, yet he was of much comfort to me, as he was humble and very desirous to do all in his power to forward the cause of truth. As we were unacquainted we put up at a public house for the night. The following day, this Brother Petersen and I went out to find a family in that city, to which he had an introduction from the son, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in another part of the country. This family has ever since been very friendly to our Elders, though they never received the gospel. We had, however, a good opportunity to explain the first principles of the gospel for them and a few of their friends, whom they had invited to hear us the following Sunday.

On the Tuesday, May 15th, we again took steamer; this time for our final destination, Mandal, which was only some thirty-five miles from Christiansand. The harbor of Mandal, which is called Kleven (the clift), is a very unsightly place indeed, but said to be a good, safe place for vessels in stormy weather. There is no town or city to be seen, but only a few houses here and there, seemingly hanging on the sides of the steep cliffs, close to the water's edge. To reach the town of Mandal proper, a mountain has to be crossed, and there the scenery is very pretty, as it lays at the mouth of a river in a beautiful valley, dotted with farms,

This was then the long-looked-for field of my labor, that I had endured so much hardship to reach. My expectations were great but were doomed to disappointment. The forbidding entrance to Kleven, was in perfect harmony with what we afterwards met from the people. It was with some difficulty, we found a place to stop, and only the love of our money, gained us shelter for the night and food in the daytime. As our money would not last us very long, I advised, Brother Petersen, (who held the office of priest only) to try to obtain employment in his trade as wheel-maker, thereby enabling us to remain and see what we could do in the future. In his efforts he did not succeed for some time, and it seemed that everybody was afraid to come in contact with a Mormon. We tried to get a place to hold meeting, but we could not get a house, unless we obtained permission from the priest and the magistrate. To leave no opportunity unused on our part we did call on both of these dignitaries, and, strange to relate, obtained their consent. We now thought that we had got over the worst difficulties, and felt

quite happy. We arranged for a meeting for the following Sunday, the 17th. Full of hope I looked over a congregation of some twenty-five or thirty persons, that had gathered, but I soon found their feelings were opposed to the work in which we were engaged. Their opposition after meeting was of a very bitter nature, and to add to our discomfort, not one seemed to be in our favor. This was not all, for later on, the same day, we were pelted with stones by some sailors, who called us all sorts of bad names in connection with "Mormon priest" and "imposters that had come to deceive the people."

*C. C. A. Christensen.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### WEEDS AND SINS.

ONE day while pulling weeds in my garden I was moved to the following reflections by a mistake made by my little boy who was helping me.

We were weeding a patch of tomatoes, and one of the most troublesome weeds was that called "red root," which when young very nearly resembles a tomato plant. My little boy had mistaken this weed for the tomato, and was carefully banking the dirt up around one when I discovered what he was doing.

How often we mistake, through a lack of experience, the evil and worthless for the good and pure, and, like my little boy, cultivate weeds instead of plants! If he had been left to himself and had cultivated that weed until maturity, his labor would have been worse than wasted. He would not only have been disappointed in not getting tomatoes, but would have raised enough seed from that one weed to have seeded the whole patch for the next season.

It is only by experience, it seems that we can distinguish between good and evil, and between right and wrong.

I had weeded that tomato patch three times, and I thought each time, surely I will not be bothered again with them; but they would come up again and again, no matter how unfavorable the conditions were. My tomato plants, however, that I was trying to make grow and bear good fruit, had to be tended and watered regularly, and shaded from the sun during the heat of the day, to get them to grow at all. The worthless weeds, even when pulled up, if left with any soil over their roots, would shoot down into the earth again and soon be as flourishing as ever. The weed was as hard to kill as the plant was to keep alive.

I thought how true this is of our weaknesses and sins; how easily they grow and flourish. Like the weeds, they almost grow in spite of us, while the good and noble attributes of our natures require constant cultivation and watchfulness to get them to grow and bear fruit. And, again, how often do we, in our youth especially, set our hearts upon something that is worthless, and count as naught that which is good! My little boy, who carefully protected the weed, was just as liable to pull up a plant; and, indeed, if he had been left to himself, he might have pulled them all up. He needed the advice of some one who was older, and knew by past experience the weed from the plant—the evil from the good. And so we in our youth should always value the advice and counsel of our parents and friends, and thereby avoid the mortification of having mistaken and cultivated weeds for plants.

Have you ever noticed the care and labor it takes to raise the beautiful

flowers that we all admire so much? See how the gardener enriches the ground! How he digs and rakes the soil, throwing out all the lumps and stones! How he shades the tiny plant from the sun at noon! He examines carefully the leaves and buds, and kills the worms and insects that threaten to destroy it. He waters it every day and pinches off the dead leaves, and when the buds appear, he cuts off the weak buds, so that all the strength can go to the good ones, and if he exercises constant diligence, his labors are finally rewarded, and he and his friends rejoice in the result; and his flowers are praised by all.

And, mark it, the gardener cannot relax his care. No matter how much labor he has expended upon his choice plants, if he grows weary and neglectful, if only for a day maybe, his plants droop and die, and his labor and care and watchfulness all count for nothing.

Now notice that big sunflower over in the corner of the garden; it has had neither water nor care, but it has raised its head above everything else in the garden. It only asks to be left alone. So also with our sins. They only ask to be let alone. They will grow and flourish any place that they are permitted to take root.

We can grow worse and worse without any effort. Any one can be a weed, but it takes a great deal of effort, and study, and self-denial to be a useful plant. We can run down hill with very little effort; indeed, if we get started at a good pace we can scarcely stop ourselves; but it takes labor and perseverance to climb up.

Let each of us be determined that in the vineyard of the Lord we will be useful plants, bearing good fruit, and not worthless weeds, that at the time of harvest shall be fit only to be plucked up and burned.

*J. H. D.*

## Our Little Folks.

### LIFE SAVED BY A DOG.

PERHAPS it would be interesting to "Our Little Folks" to hear how our dog, Rover, was instrumental in saving the life of my father.

At the time of which I am about to write, my father was employed as night watchman over some large bleaching lawns in the north of Ireland. It was his duty to walk around the lawns all night and protect the webs of cloth from being stolen. He was always accompanied by Rover, and a faithful companion he was, indeed.

I need hardly tell you, my little friends, that during the winter season the duty of a night watchman, especially one who had to be outside all night, as my father had, is not a very pleasant one.

I do not remember what winter it was that the incident which I am about to relate occurred, but I do remember that it was an unusually cold one. I heard the people say it was the most severe winter they had seen for twenty years.

At that time my father took some brandy with him each evening, which he drank at intervals during the night to keep himself from being frozen to death.

At the foot of the lawns there was a large pond of water, and one night, when my father had drank a little more brandy than was good for him, he grew drowsy and lay down to sleep by the side of the pond. Rover was by his side, and a faithful watch he was keeping.

In a few moments my father began to slide down the bank, and he was just about to fall into the pond, when Rover

sprang up, and seized him by the collar of his overcoat. He was a big, strong dog, but it required the exercise of all his strength to hold my father out of the water.

How long my father was in this condition we do not know, but when he awoke Rover had the earth all torn up behind him, showing that it required all his strength to save the life of his master. We always loved Rover, but I tell you after that night we almost worshiped him.

Alas! a year later he was seized with an incurable disease, and, notwithstanding we used every known remedy, we were at last compelled to drown the poor, faithful creature.

At the river side my father shed tears, and said it was the hardest task he had ever been called upon to perform—to drown a dog which but a year before was the means of saving him from drowning.

*A. H. M.*

### YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

#### Grass Valley.

Grass Valley is situated in the south-western part of Utah, very high in the mountains. It is one of the most beautiful little valleys in the country. It is very small, being only one mile in width and two miles in length. It is surrounded by high mountains and deep canyons. The mountains are thickly covered with pines and cedar trees.

There are two deep canyons from which flow two small crystal streams which wind gently through the little valley. The streams are full of fish and many people come to our little place especially to fish and see the grand

scenery which is to be found in the canyons.

Our little place is quite out of the way and very few come here except pleasure seekers and some of the people who cannot stand the heat of their southern home. One of the beauties of Grass Valley is a small water-fall. On the northern side of the valley are high cliffs, and over them a small stream flows. It falls about one hundred and ten feet. It is in a small canyon and when we want to find pleasure we go there and climb over the rocks and through the trees.

Our little town is very small indeed. It consists of only five families and they live some distance apart. When the valley was settled it was owned by one family named Rencher. They lived in the valley a number of years alone. They then sold to four of the Gardner boys and his son, who remains there at present. These families are farmers and the productions are wheat, barley, oats, corn and potatoes. These families all have a great many cows, plenty of milk and butter for use and for sale, and some cheese has been made here.

*Rhoda Gardner, age 17.*

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#### A Pet Bird.

ABOUT four years ago, a friend of ours went on a mission to Australia and New Zealand, and brought home some beautiful birds: parrots and cockatoos. He gave one of them to us, and we called him Dick.

We tried to teach it to talk, but it would do nothing but scream. We would scream at it, and it would scream back. One day someone screamed at it and it fell down on its back, and the

next morning we found it dead. My papa had it stuffed, and now it is in a glass case.

*Sterling Talmage,*

*Age 6 years.*

#### ROBBIE RICHARDS.

In a small town in England, nearly forty years ago, there lived a certain man and his wife, whom we shall for convenience give the name of Richards. They had an only child, a boy of two years.

The parents had just been members of the Latter-day Saint Church a few months. An Elder of the Church from Utah had been holding meetings in the little village, and they with a few others believed his teachings and were baptized.

Soon after joining the Church this family became filled with the desire to come to Utah, and unite themselves with the people here. So they made up their minds to save all the money they could to pay for their passage across the ocean.

For a little while they were fortunate enough to be able to put away a nice little sum of money each week. The father had regular work; and each Saturday evening as he received his wages he brought them home to his wife. The first thing she did was to take what she could spare and place it away in a small box she kept for the purpose. Then with the remainder of the money she would go to the market and buy what things were needed for the house.

They were taught by the good missionary who brought the gospel to them and baptized them that it was expected of Latter-day Saints to observe the Word of Wisdom, that is, to not drink

tea or coffee, nor strong liquor, nor use tobacco. So they both determined they would quit using tea, which they were in the habit of using; and the father also decided to stop using tobacco as well.

By doing this they found that it was not so hard to save a part of their earnings and yet have enough to eat and wear. For a time everything seemed to go on so nicely that the family expected they would be able to emigrate to Zion in a very short time.

One day the father came home from his work before the day was over. He felt so sick that he could not work. He went to bed, thinking he would be all right in the morning, and would go to his labor again as usual. But the next morning he felt no better. He was not able to get up. Instead of getting better he grew worse. He sent for the missionary Elder, who was still in the town, to come and administer to him.

After being anointed with oil and having hands laid upon his head by the Elder, he felt better, and much more cheerful. Still he did not get well. He continued to get weaker each day. His loving wife did all she could for him, but it seemed that he was appointed to die. After six weeks' of suffering he passed quietly away, leaving his wife in deep grief, while the child was too young to realize the loss very well.

During the illness of Brother Richards the little sum of money which had been saved had to be used to provide the necessities of life for the little family. So the poor, grief-stricken mother was left without means, without a home and without friends. This was indeed a severe trial to the poor mother. It looked as though all her bright hopes had gone to return no more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### IN NORTHERN SEAS.

WE read a great deal about the hardships that sailors are obliged to undergo when exploring in the Northern seas; of the danger from icebergs and from cold; and very few of us would be willing to face these trials, even for the sake of witnessing the wonderful aurora borealis, illuminating with its brilliant colors the picturesque icebergs, as seen in the accompanying engraving.

Most of us would, without doubt, enjoy the spectacle, but we would prefer to witness it from some cosy spot where frost-bites could have no terrors for us.

#### BIBLE STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.

##### Jepthah's Daughter.

ONE time when the Israelites wanted to go to battle, they got a man named Jepthah to be their leader, and before he started out he made a promise or vow to the Lord that if He would help him win the battle he would offer for a burnt offering the first that came out of his house to meet him when he came home.

He then started out to fight against the Ammonites, and the Lord helped him destroy twenty cities.

When they were through fighting they all went home feeling very happy; but when Jepthah came to his house he saw a young lady coming out to meet him; it was his daughter, and the only child he had, and of course he felt very sorrowful; but when she asked him what was the matter, and he told her of the vow he had made, she said all right, he should do whatever he had promised the Lord he would do; but she asked that she might have two months' time first, so that she and the rest of the young ladies



IN NORTHERN SEAS.

might go into the mountains and mourn for her.

Her father allowed her to do as she wished, and at the end of the two months she came back, and he offered her for a burnt offering, as he had vowed he would do, and after that the young ladies of the Israelites used to go every year and mourn for her four days.

No doubt Jephthah was very sorry he had made such a promise. We ought to be very careful what kind of a promise we make, and then when we do make one we should always keep it.

In those days the Israelites had no king or ruler. Each man was supposed to do what he thought was right, but they too often forgot to serve the Lord as they should, and so they often got into trouble.

Sometimes the tribes would get to fighting among themselves, and a great many of the Israelites would be killed in that way.

*Celia A. Smith.*

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#### STEALING APPLES.

JACK DAWSON was not the kind of a boy that thoughtful mothers would like their sons to associate with. But he didn't know that; perhaps if he did he would say he didn't care. He had an idea that to assume a swaggering manner, and do all sorts of mean, dishonorable things, would make him appear more manly, and raise him in the estimation of the boys. But, like all such characters, he was a coward at heart, and was only truly happy when applauded by a certain set of his companions.

So it was that his whole life had very little that was real, true happiness in it, but was only a series of "showings-off,"

not at all admired by the better class of his school-fellows.

Next to the school-house lived an old man, who had won the reputation among the boys of being a rather crusty old character who cared for but little in this life save his fruit-trees and his savage dog. The boys watched with interest the apples over the wall, which, no doubt, looked a great deal more tempting because they were forbidden fruit.

"Now," thought Jack, one September morning, "I shall have a chance to show the boys what a brave fellow I can be;" so he called upon them to know what they would bet he didn't "dare to get some of them apples."

The boys made several offers, then Jack sprang over the wall and ran for the nearest tree; and encouraged by the absence of both master and dog, he soon climbed the trunk, and began pelting his companions with the rosy-cheeked fruit.

So interested had all become in this, that none observed the approach of the owner until the great, ugly dog was under the limb upon which the boy sat; then there was a general stampede of those on the other side of the wall, and Jack Dawson looked about, to find himself quite alone. All his swagger now left him, and a very humble and much-frightened boy clung to the branch in dreadful agony lest the mastiff below should shut those strong jaws upon his dangling leg; making, meantime, all sorts of promises he had no thought of keeping, if the owner would only let him free.

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CARPETS, WALL PAPER, STOVES AND CROCKERY.

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**GENERAL MERCHANDISE;**

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Whether the intent be to buy at WHOLESALE or RETAIL.

Main Street, SALT LAKE CITY.

T. G. WEBBER. Superintendent.

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Receives deposits in any sum; pays 5 per cent. interest; compounds quarterly.

We answer with pleasure any inquiry you may make for information either by letter or person.

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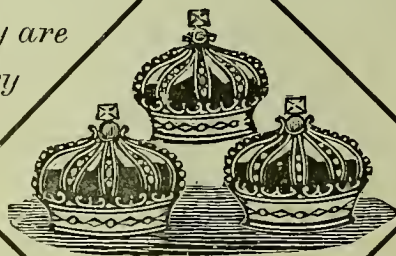
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*Are best because they are  
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OUR GOODS OF THIS  
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*Are guaranteed to be  
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